

VOL. X.

LUDHIANA:—November 9th, 1906.

No. 45

London, Oct. 31.

London, Nov. 1.

London, Nov. 2.

The fight has been the keenest in London where the Conservative element of self-styled Municipal Reformers, who have been campaigning most actively against extravagance and municipal trading tendencies of the Socialists, have practically swept the board.

London, Nov. 2.

Great damage has been done by a storm and tidal wave in the Riviera. Nine torpedo boats have been wrecked at Toulon, and the shipping suffered severely.

Allahabad, Nov. 2.

London, Nov. 1.—The *Morning Post*, in leading article, says that the Amir's visit argues a proper strategic reply to Russia's railways and involves a close alliance with the Amir in the construction of railways across Afghanistan. The writer alludes to the deficiency of sound military preparation for undertaking the defence of the Afghan Frontier from bases separated therefrom by a large and rugged country.

London, Nov. 3.

The Liberal newspapers, while attributing the defeat to lavish expenditure, say that the Moderates use the Conservative political machinery in their attempt to recapture London. They admit that the public dread Socialism, which has induced the adoption of a turbulent tone by Labourite speakers.

The Conservative newspapers consider the results as indicative of growing dissatisfaction with the present Liberal Government. They warn the Unionists that the call to arms may come when least expected.

Mr. Balfour, in a speech last night, said that the London results in the municipal elections showed that the country was beginning to see through the platitudinous pretences whereby the Government obtained office.

Mr. Alquist speaking at Manchester yesterday said that the Government intended without delay to endow the Orange River State with very fully constituted Self-Government.

He criticised in very strong terms the action of the House of Lords in reconstructing the Education Bill passed by the House of Commons and declared that the Government would not yield if it could and could not if it would.

London, Nov. 4.

M. Davidoff, President of the hotel section of the reactionary Union of the Russian People, was arrested at St. Petersburg.

Reuter's correspondent wires from Shanghai that missionaries report the severest famine in the north of Kiang-su. It is estimated that ten millions of people are on the brink of starvation. The magistrates are preventing people from migrating, but are not taking any relief measures. Disorders have hitherto been slight, but are growing.

London, Nov. 6.

In the Lords amendments to the Education Bill continue to be made, and the character of the Bill is almost completely transformed.

At a conference of Nonconformist Councils held in London a resolution was passed to organise a demonstration against the Lords. One speaker suggested that the Government should appoint five hundred Liberal peers to carry through the original Bill.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The wonderful power of Christianity is shown in its having found its way to the hearts of men of all degrees of intelligence and culture. It is not a religion for priests alone, but for poets and men of the most strenuous life.

Hear what the poets say!

To Jesus the Nazarene

By Frederic Lawrence Knowles (died Sept. 19, 1905)

Closest to men thou pitying son of Man,
And thrilled from crown to foot with fellowship,
Yet most apart and strange, lonely as God—
Dwell in my heart, remote and intimate One
Brother of all the world, I come to thee.

Gentle as she who nursed thee at her breast
(Yet what a lash of lightnings once thy tongue
To scourge the hypocrite and Pharisee!)
Nerve thou mine arm, O meek, O mighty One!
Champion of all who fail, I fly to thee.

O man of sorrows with the wounded hands,—
For chaplet, thorns; for thorns, a pagan cross;
Bowed with the woe and agony of time,
Yet loved by children, and the feasting guests
I bring my suffering, joyful heart to thee.

Chaste as the virginal lily on her stem,
Yet in each hot full pulse, each tropic vien
More filled with feeling than flower with sun,
No anchorite-hale, sinewy, warm with love,
I come in youth's high tide of bliss to thee.

O Christ of contrasts, infinite paradox
Yet life's explainer, solvent harmony,
Frail strength, pure passion, meek austerity,
And the white splendour of these darkened years
I lean my wondering wayward heart on thine:

From the "Century" Dec. 05

A PRAYER FOR LEADING:

Christ of Judea, look Thou in my heart:
Do I not love Thee, look to Thee, in Thee
Alone have faith of all the sons of men,
Faith deepening with the weight and woe of years?

Pure soul and tenderest of all that came
Into this world of sorrow, hear my prayer:
Lead me, yea, lead me deeper into life—
This suffering, human life wherein Thou liv'st
And breathe still, and hold'st Thy way divine.
'Tis here, O pitying Christ, where Thee I seek,
Here where the strife is fiercest: where the sun

Beats down upon the highway thronged with men,
And in the raging mart. Oh! deeper lead
My soul into the living world of souls
Where Thou dost move.

But lead me, Man Divine,

Where'er Thou wilt, only that I may find
At the long journey's end Thy image there,
And grow more like to it. For art not Thou
The human shadow of the infinite love
That made and fills the infinite universe?
The very Word of Him, the unseen, unknown
Eternal God, that rules the summer flower
And all the worlds that people starry space!

—Richard Watson Gilder.

CHRIST WITH US

By EDWIN MARKHAM

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto Me."

I cried aloud, "There is no Christ
In all this world unparadised!
No Christ to go to in my need—
No Christ to comfort me and feed!
He passed in glory out of sight,
The angels drew him into light:
Now in the lonesome earth and air
I can not find him anywhere.
Would God that Heaven were not so far
And I were where the White Ones are!"

Then from the grey stones of a street
Where goes an ocean drift of feet,
I heard a child's cry tremble up,
And turned to share my scanty cup.
When lo, the Christ I thought was dead,
Was in the little one I fed!
At this I drew my aching eyes
From the far-watching of the skies;
And now whichever way I turn
I see my Lord's white halo burn!

Wherever now a sorrow stands,
'Tis mine to heal His nail-torn hands;
In every lonely lane and street,
'Tis mine to wash His wounded feet—
'Tis mine to roll away the Stone
And warm His heart against my own.
Here, here, on Earth I find it all—
The young archangels white and tall,
The Golden City and the doors,
And all the shining of the floors!

"WHAT MUST I DO TO BE"—LOST?

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

One Sunday morning, coming down from Camden Town to King's Cross, I passed by a vacant piece of ground, across which run the brick arches of the Midland Railway. Usually this spot is empty; but this morning there was a crowd of people upon it. They were broken up into several groups, each of which was gathered about a public speaker. There was not much variety in the crowd, which was mostly composed of working-men and labourers in rough, unwashed, careless fashion; but there was some variety in the speakers. One—not a good representative of the cause—was very early earnestly preaching total abstinence; but with so little skill and so much exaggeration, that his audience were kept merry in laughing at him, rather than with him. Not many yards away, a tall woman, dressed in black, and with a heavy metal crucifix hanging from her neck, was urging the claims of what she called "the Holy Roman Church" to the veneration and obedience of all men. A third speaker was a man who represented the opposite extreme; for he was denying the very being of a God, and holding up the Scriptures to ridicule. The fourth speaker, who had round him a larger gathering than any of the others, was a short, thick-set, swarthy man, with a small compact head, from which a pair of deep-set piercing eyes looked at the audience with an eager intensity of gaze which was almost painful to behold. His words arrested me as I drew near the stand from which he was addressing the people. It was a sort of cry which came from him; and the words were:

Now this is not quite the question we are used to when listening to a sermon. Very often the words of the Scriptures, "What must I do to be saved?" are taken as a text; and the story of the man who spoke those words, and of the answer that was given to his question, are of the deepest interest. But this question was so strange that I stopped to listen; and I saw that many in the crowd were struck with it, and were regarding the speaker with increased interest. He went on:

"I must tell you first of all that *it is very difficult* to be lost. And I am afraid you all believe that very strongly. You have got hold of the notion that God is all pity and all tenderness; that He is like a human father, who surely wouldn't destroy his children for their little faults, their little lies, and their little disobediences, and their little pickings and stealings. Or you have heard so much about God's forgiving love, and about His infinite patience, that you have come to think that just whenever you please, just an hour before you die perhaps, you can ask Him to forgive your sins, and it will then be all right. Perhaps you have

read in the Gospel that when the prodigal son chose to come back to his father, he was forgiven and set all right again. Or you have heard about the labourer beginning at the eleventh hour and yet getting his full day's wage. Or perhaps you are thinking of that daying thief, who with his last breath begged for mercy, and was at once told by the Lord Jesus Christ that very day he should be in Paradise. Now I want to tell you that all these things *are* in the Bible; and they are all true; and I am thinking of such things when I tell you that it is *very difficult to be lost*."

I looked curiously at the speaker and at his audience. It was plain that some were getting interested, but could not see the preacher's drift. He continued. "It is very difficult; and the difficulty lies in the great pity and loving patience of God. He is *not* willing that any should perish; but that all should come to repentance, if so it may be. Sinful as the world was, He loved it well enough to send His Son to be its Saviour; and He loves it well enough still to offer His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him. Yes; He waits to be gracious. All day long is He stretching out His loving hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people. The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit are strongly concerned that men should not die in their sin. The Bible is full of God's assurances of forgiveness to *all* who forsake their sin and turn to Him. And so I dare to say to you to-day that it is *not* easy to be lost; in the face of God's fatherly love, of the sacrifice of Jesus, and of the patience of the Holy Ghost."

Here the speaker dropped the piercing pleading notes in which he had been addressing the crowd, and a sort of uneasy thrill ran through them as in deep solemn tones, and with a dark knitted brow overshadowing the piercing eyes, he went on:

"But it is nevertheless *very easy to be lost*. Why to begin with there is a sense in which you *ARE* LOST. Just as you are at this moment, without waiting for any more years of sin. If you are *not saved* you are *lost now*; and as you stand here. 'If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.' 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.' There is the test; unless you are changed from what you have been all your life, you *are* lost now.

"So in order to be lost there is no need that you should go away and be ten times more wicked and neglectful of God than you have ever been. No need to pile up sins, or to commit great sins. It is not required that you should rob and murder, or be a drunkard and a wife-beater, in order to lose Heaven and your own place in it. No; *you have nothing to do but still to keep away from Christ, and you will surely be finally lost*."

Again there was an uneasy shifting in the crowd, which by this time had increased. For the atheist orator and the temperance lecturer had proved less attractive in either



their matter or their manner, or perhaps in both. As for the Romanist lady, the novelty of her sex and costume had not sufficed to hold round her more than a handful, who were probably mostly of her own communion already. But our own speaker went on:

"So the answers to the question 'What must I do to be lost?' is just this: *Don't* trouble yourself about the future, *don't* look into your past life, and *don't* estimate your true character. *Don't* try to find out whether you need saving and *don't* ask whether you *can* be saved. Above all, *don't* seek the Saviour. Christ died—the Just for the unjust—to bring us to God; but *don't* ask Him to bring you. The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost; but you just keep out of His way, and you will remain lost. The Holy Spirit helps men in their weakness and ignorance and God gives the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him: but if you want to be lost, *don't* ask for the Heavenly Gift. Just keep as you are. Go on with your business: enjoy yourself all you can. *Don't* open your Bible: and above all, *don't* pray. Thus you see there is really nothing to do in order to be lost. By a simple process of 'letting alone' you will reach the blank result, and will *be* lost."

Again I watched the faces of the crowd. On some I noticed an uneasy tremulous working of the lips, which showed how thoroughly the sad irony of the preacher was appreciated. But some of the hearers were evidently getting uncomfortable under the thrusts aimed at them, and began to drop off towards the outskirts of the little crowd. And so the crowd thinned as the hearers began to see the point of the speaker. It was a convenient way of sermon-listening. When they did not like what was said, they could go. But the preacher seemed little affected by the diminishing numbers of his audience; he proceeded to wind up his discourse thus:

"This is the popular and patent method by which souls are lost: just by doing nothing. For every criminal there are scores of tolerably honest and decent-living men. For every atheist there are hundreds of idle doubters who won't take the trouble to inquire about the truth. They just drift along easily through life, thinking as little as they can about death and judgment and eternal things, but drawing nearer to them all the time.

"And the Divine patience bears with them year after year. The Divine love repeats its gracious calls and invitations. The Divine providence multiplies mercies and kindnesses to lead them to repentance. But the neglect continues; and it is always becoming easier for the soul to do without God. A blinded mind, a hardened heart, an indifferent and prayerless life: and so the end is reached smoothly and easily—the soul is LOST."

The printed page cannot represent the harrowing emphasis of this street-preacher's last words. His voice had

risen with a growing intensity that held the listeners spell-bound. But he had not quite finished, for in quieter fashion he went on:

"We don't quite know what this word 'lost' means; that is, we don't know *all* it may mean: but what we *do* know is serious enough. True peace of mind is lost: none can be truly happy till, through Christ, they stand right with God. High character is lost: it is only the real believer who is being so trained as to be meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. But above all, eternal life and happiness are lost: for 'he that hath not the Son of God hath not life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.'"

Then, rising again to a pitch of intensity in the strains of his voice, which seemed almost to have "tears in it," the speaker cried:

"Lost *now*, and then *lost for ever*! How soon this may be required of thee; an hour may bring you face with death. Or you may have so grieved the gracious Spirit that He will depart from your life and you will be let alone by God, henceforth. This *may* be: *will* be: unless you turn in earnest to Him who died for sinners, and who lives to intercede for them. Hear His words once again: 'him that cometh to Me, I will in *no wise* cast out.' Believe it: 'believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be **SAVED**;' not lost.

It was well perhaps that the speaker ended now; for his audience had rapidly thinned as one o'clock drew near. The atheist and the Romanist had long since closed their orations; and the temperance lecturer was also drawing to a close. Where I stood solemn words had been spoken to the people: words of life or of death, as they should be received. How had they been received? Just as of old: "Some mocked," and turned into the first tavern. Others looked more serious, and were perhaps saying to themselves: "We will hear thee again on this matter." But I saw the preacher entering into conversation with one poor moral outcast who had lingered behind, and I was hopeful that there was at least one who had "believed" the word spoken.

And I went on my way, recalling the well-known lines of Dr. Addison Alexander:

"There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path:
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.

"To pass that limit is to die:
To die as if by stealth.
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health:

"The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay,
That which is pleasing still may please,
And Care be thrust away:

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"And still the doomed man's path below
May bloom as Eden bloomed:—
He did not, does not, *will not* know
Or feel, that he is doomed.

"O where is this mysterious bourne
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which God Himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost?

"How far may men go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

"An answer from the skies is sent:
'We that from God depart,
While it is called To-day, repent;
And harden not your heart.'

PRAYING AND DOING

There is a quaint story told about Dr. Adam Clarke, the old commentator, which has in it a suggestion most direct and sensible. He was in the habit of rising very early. A young minister was talking with the old doctor one day about it and remarked that he could not rise early; he was very sorry, but there seemed to be no help for it. He was anxious to know how Dr. Clarke managed it—what was the secret of his early rising? "Do you pray about it?" he asked. "No," was the reply, "I get up." An old mother was asked on one occasion whether she prayed over certain matters and things with her Lord. "Of course not," was her response. "I do not see the necessity of bothering him about these things. I settle them myself by going and doing what I know ought to be done." There is much idle sentiment in the world concerning the matter of prayer. It is, indeed, the living breath of the Christian. He cannot live without communion with God. But there are some things that common sense would put outside the realm of prayer, and place immediately in the realm of activity. What use was there in praying about getting up, when all that was needed was simply to "get up!" If we can wisely discriminate between that which is a matter of uncertainty and that which is clearly one's duty to perform, and then go ahead and "perform," we might be saved much useless soul agony. It is folly to pray over the doing of a thing which it is clearly one's duty to go ahead and accomplish. We may pray for grace to do the task, but we need not question that which is clearly wisdom and sense to perform.

—Service.

HOW SIAMESE CELEBRATE THEIR COMING OF AGE.

One evening about nine o'clock we received invitations from the Governor to attend the ceremonies of the First Hair Cutting for his son. The appointment was at seven o'clock the next morning, and great was the excitement among some of us who had not yet seen a Siamese hair cutting, especially as this would be the largest affair of the kind in Petchaburee, the youth being the Governor's first son.

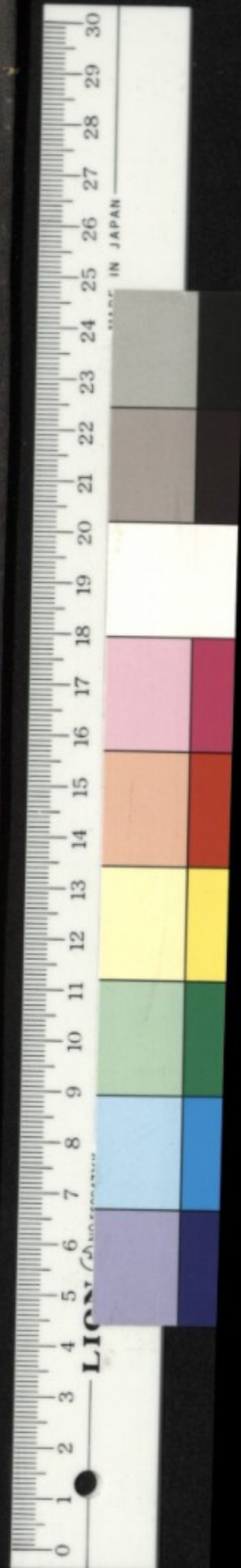
Children in Siam wear a *jook*, or circular topknot of hair, on top of the head; the rest being cut short or shaved off. This topknot is left to grow long until the child reaches the age of eleven or thirteen years, when it is cut off with imposing ceremonies. The parents believe that if it were cut earlier the child would become insane. The occasion is as important to a girl as a "coming out" at home, and with a boy is equivalent to coming of age.

The morning came bright and clear as most mornings are in Siam, and we started on foot arrayed in our best. We were welcomed by the Governor, and escorted to seats on a raised platform in a reception-room opening upon a large court. This room has two platforms, one higher than the other, and, as indicative of the respect which is felt for America in this country, we were politely seated on the highest platform with three Royal Princes and some noblemen. Etiquette is strict in Siam regarding the seating of people according to rank.

The room was beautifully decorated with natural and artificial flowers and tinsel ornaments. On our right was a row of Buddhist priests in their yellow robes with shaven heads. On our left was the lower platform where officials were seated, and beyond that the open court filled with curious spectators. Just back of us was an image of Buddha in a gilt shrine in front of which were offerings of fruit and flowers.

The boy, on whose account we all had come together, sat in the center of the room, on a small platform, dressed in white and loaded with jewelry. Around his neck, a collar of gold six to eight inches wide, studded with diamonds and other precious stones; on his arms and ankles were jewelled bracelets and anklets, and on each finger he wore rings glittering with diamonds. His *jook* was divided into seven or eight locks, and on the end of each was tied a large diamond ring. The Siamese display all the family jewelry on such occasions.

A few minutes after seven a signal was given, the band began playing in the court and the priests began to chant their prayers, all the time fingering and passing from one to another a cord which was stretched from the boy to them. This cord, as Dr. House once wrote, served as "a sort of



electric conductor to the child of the benefits evoked by their prayers."

The Princes and noblemen in order of rank, came forward one at a time, and each cut off a lock of hair, first pouring water on the child's head from a beautiful conch shell rimmed with gold. A golden vessel held by a servant received the hair. When all had been clipped off, a Chinese barber came in and shaved the boy's head. His jewelled collar was then removed and he was carried out to a pavilion draped with lace curtains which had been erected in the court, and there given a bath by all the relatives and invited guests, each pouring a conch shell full of water over him. This was their way of securing a blessing for him, the water having previously been consecrated by the priests. Up to this time no Siamese women were present, but now the nother, grandmothers and a few others came in and poured their blessings upon the child; then bowing themselves out were seen no more. It was a cool morning and, notwithstanding the water had been warmed, the child was carried in shivering with cold as well as dripping wet.

We told them we would pray to our God for His blessing upon the child, but asked to be excused from pouring the water as we believe it a part of their heathen religion.

After the ceremony we were invited to breakfast, which was served in another room. The table was spread in foreign style; Siamese style is to sit on the floor and eat with the fingers.

HE GOT IN.

A poor man who was looked upon as being very simple applied to a church whose membership was of what is called the wealthy class for admission as a member. He came before the appointed officers for examination.

As it was an aristocratic church, they did not like to accept him into membership, but, of course, they adopted the tactics of their class, and asked the poor, simple applicant if he was sure the Lord wanted him to become a member of the church. He replied that he was sure, as he had prayed over it for six months.

"Well," they said, "better pray over it three months longer, and see what the Lord wants you to do."

He assented, and at the end of three months he applied again.

The officers asked him if he was still of the same mind. He said, "Yes." They asked him also if he had asked the Lord about it. He said he had. Then they asked him what the Lord said to him.

The poor, simple applicant replied, "He told me not to be offended with you, brethren, for He himself had been trying for the past twelve years, since the church was built, to get in, but He had not succeeded yet."

AN OLD PARABLE.

By MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

A sower went forth to sow.
On his cheek was the health-lit glow
Of the young and strong,
And the life that is long,
And the brain that is swift to know.

He had no measure
To gauge his pleasure,
But, sowing his seeds
Of designs and deeds,
He had little care
Was it wheat or tare,
Which he sowed broadcast
In the earth. At last
Thick and strong were the seeds.
Alas! they were but weeds.

A sower went forth to sow.
In his heart was the faith-fed glow,
And the love and zeal
Of the men who feel
That only the best should grow.
He sowed for others,
All men his brothers;
And fair were the seeds
Of designs and deeds,
Which with pains and care
And in earnest prayer
He sowed broadcast
In the earth. At last

His fields were filled with the best,
And earth, rain, and sun did the rest.
A reaper with low-bowed head,
And heavy, reluctant tread,

Was forced to stand
On his weed-spoiled land,
Which none might reap in his stead,
Too late repentings,
Regrets, lamentings!
The crops from the seeds
Of his evil deeds,
To his shame and sin,
Must be gathered in.

He turned with pain
From the task, but in vain
Did he loiter, struggle, or weep.
That which he sowed he must reap.
In harvest, when fields were white,
A reaper went forth in the light,
And the radiant morn
And the golden corn
Filled his soul with a strange delight.

There was no weeping
In his glad reaping;
But wonder at wealth
Which had come as by stealth—
For his sheaves were great.
Then his heart, elate,
Asked the angels, Why?
And their low reply
Was heard by his ears alone—

"Thou art reaping what thou hast sown."
London, England.

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